

# The Cass County Republican.

VOLUME I.

DOWAGIAC, CASS COUNTY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1858.

NUMBER 12.

## The Republican,

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Lieutenant Governor—GEORGE A. COE.  
Secretary of State—JOHN MCKINNEY.  
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### COUNTY OFFICERS.

Treasurer—JEFFERSON OSBORN.  
Clerk—E. B. WARNER.  
Register of Deeds—ARIEL E. PECK.  
Sheriff—JOSEPH N. MARSHALL.  
Judge of Probate—CLIFFORD SHANAHAN.  
Prosecuting Attorney—A. J. SMITH.  
Circuit Court Com'r.—JAS. M. SPENCER.  
Surveyor—AMOS SMITH.  
Coroner—CHARLES HILL.

## Business Directory.

### PROFESSIONAL.

Geo. W. Andrews,  
Justice of the Peace and Collecting Agent, Do-  
wagiac, Mich. Office at the American House,  
on the corner of Front and Division streets.

D. H. WAGNER,  
Justice of the Peace and Collecting Agent, Dowagiac,  
Mich. Office on Front Street.

JAMES SULLIVAN,  
Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in  
Chancery, Dowagiac, Mich. Office on Front  
Street.

JAMES M. SPENCER,  
Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in  
Chancery, Dowagiac, Mich. Special attention  
given to collections throughout the Northwest.

CLIFFORD SHANAHAN,  
Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in  
Chancery, Cassopolis, Cass County, Mich.

HENRY H. COOLIDGE,  
Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in  
Chancery, Edwardsburg, Cass County, Mich.

CHARLES W. CLISBEE,  
Attorney and Counselor at Law, Solicitor in  
Chancery, and Notary Public, Cassopolis, Cass  
County, Mich. Collections made, and the proceeds  
promptly remitted.

DR. E. R. ALLEN,  
Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist. All work war-  
ranted to give satisfaction. Office over Brown-  
ell's Hardware Store, Front Street, Dowagiac,  
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G. C. JONES & CO.,  
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes,  
Crockery, Glassware, Hats and Caps. Front  
Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

F. G. KARZELERE,  
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes,  
Crockery, Hats and Caps, Glassware, Paints and  
Oils, Hardware, &c., &c. Front Street, Dowagiac,  
Mich.

H. E. ELLIS,  
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Fancy Goods,  
Boots and Shoes, and Yankee Notions. Front  
Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

D. W. CLEMMER,  
Dealer in Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oils, Var-  
nishes, Perfumery, Groceries, &c. Front St.,  
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C. M. ALWARD,  
General Dealer in Books, Stationery, Gold Pens,  
School, Miscellaneous and Law Books, Blank  
Books, &c. All the leading daily, weekly and  
monthly periodicals received regularly. Front  
Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

IRA BROWNELL,  
Dealer in Hardware, Tinware, Stoves, Agricultural  
Implement, &c., &c. Front Street, Dowagiac,  
Mich.

H. M. GAVAN,  
Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Leather and Findings.  
Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

M. S. COBB,  
Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Leather and Findings.  
Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

A. TOWNSEND,  
Dealer in Groceries and Provisions, Hats and  
Caps, Boots and Shoes, and Crockery, Front  
Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

H. W. RUGG,  
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Dealer in Gold and Silver Watches, Clocks and  
Plated Ware, Front St., Dowagiac, Mich. Special  
attention paid to repairing Watches,  
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JOHN PIPER,  
Ambrotype Artist. Likenesses taken on short no-  
tice, and warranted not to fade. Children's pic-  
tures taken in one second. Operating in Bal-  
win's Daguerrian Car, on the Railroad Square,  
near the liberty pole, Dowagiac, Mich. Also,  
fine Boots made to order.

H. B. DENMAN,  
Banking and Exchange Office, Dowagiac, Mich.  
Buy and sell Exchange, Gold, Bank Notes, and  
Land Warrants. Pay interest on School and  
Swamp Lands, and Taxes in all parts of the  
State.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,  
By John Letts. Directly opposite the Passenger  
Depot, Dowagiac, Mich.

"Tom, if you love me, say so."

Dear Tom, my brave, free hearted lad,  
Where'er you go, God bless you;  
You'd better speak than wish you had,  
If love for me distress you.  
To me they say your heart inclines,  
And possibly it may—so—  
Then once for all, to quiet mine,  
Tom, if you love me, say so!

On that sound heart and manly frame,  
Sits lightly sport or labor,  
Good-humored front—and still the same  
To parent, friend or neighbor;  
Then why postpone your love to own  
For me, from day to day so,  
And let me whisper still alone—  
Tom, if you love me, say so!

How oft when I was sick or sad,  
With some remembered folly,  
The sight of you has made me glad,  
And then most melancholy.  
Ah! why will thought of one so good  
Upon my spirit prey so?  
By you I should be understood—  
Tom, if you love me, say so!

What's it of ours you chance to seek,  
Alone before you breathe it,  
I bring with blushes on my cheek,  
And all my soul goes with it.  
Why thank me then with voice so low,  
And faltering turn away so?  
When next you come, before you go,  
Tom, if you love me, say so!

My friends, 'tis true, are well to do,  
And you're as poor and friendless:  
Ah, not for they are rich in you—  
Their happiness is endless.  
You never let them shed a tear,  
Save that on you it weighs so,  
There's one might bring you better cheer—  
Tom, if you love me, say so!

My uncle's legacy is all  
For you, Tom, when you choose it;  
In better hands it cannot fall,  
And better trained to use it,  
I'll wait for years, but let me not  
Unwooed, unloved and unloved,  
Since wealth and worth will be your lot,  
Tom, if you love me, say so!

From the New York Observer.

The Little Strawberry Girl.

BY MISS E. W. BARNES.

"Straw-berries! Straw-berries! Who  
will buy? Who will buy?"

The musical voice of Nellie trilled  
the words so sweetly, that the memory  
of the tones lingered with the passer-  
by, as he went to his daily task and  
haunted him through the long hours,  
like the remembrance of a joy that has  
passed away. Her rosy face, too, was  
worthy of a place in memory; with its  
sunny smiles and dimples, shaded by  
careless natural curls; and its soft,  
black eyes, large and full and dreamy.  
It was not beautiful only, but so indica-  
tive of goodness and purity, and all  
that we meet to love and cherish as a  
heart's treasure of childhood!

Many an eye turned to look after  
Nellie, as she tripped along in the  
bright June morning, in her neat pink  
calico, and white apron, and large straw  
hat shading her pretty face; while her  
little baskets of fruit, covered with  
dewy fresh green leaves, were strung  
picturesquely over her arms and shoulders;  
and her hands contained each a  
large basket, filled to overflowing with  
the smaller ones. She was so neat and  
attractive in her aspect, that many who  
would have passed others by unheeded,  
stopped to purchase the tempting fruit  
of Nellie, who was well known, as she  
came with the other beautiful things of  
summer, and trilled her little song, like  
a bird, beneath the open windows:  
"Straw-berries! Straw-berries! Who  
will buy? Who will buy?"

"Come in, child; what is your  
price?"

"Tenpence a basket, miss."

Nellie stepped into the spacious hall  
of a fashionable house in Montague St.,  
where a young lady stood, in her morn-  
ing robe, with flowers in her hand just  
gathered from the conservatory, and  
surrounded with all the appliances of  
wealth and luxury.

"Well, they are worth all of that—  
so fresh and ripe. Give me half a  
dozen baskets. Here, Mary." And  
while Mary emptied the baskets, she  
drew out her "portmonnaie," and  
dropped the sixty cents, in fives and  
tens, into Nellie's little purse—not into  
her hand, as the young reader must  
remember; for this apparently trivial  
act was the pivot on which turned the  
moral event of the day and of our story.

The smile with which she received  
the money, and thanked her for it, pen-  
etrated like a sunbeam into the heart  
of Minnie Hamilton, for there was  
coldness there—the child of discontent  
and disappointment, which finds their  
way, sometimes, even into luxurious  
homes, and the association of poverty  
and contentment seemed very incon-  
gruous to one born in affluence, as she  
had been.

"You seem very happy," she said,  
responding to Nellie's smile. "Do you  
earn your living by selling strawberries?"

"Yes, miss. In the summer I sell  
berries; in winter, I go to school part  
of the day, and help mother the other  
part."

"And what makes you so happy?  
Can you tell me the secret?"

Nellie smiled again sweetly, as she  
answered: "Some people, as good as  
we are, have no home, and nothing to  
eat. But mother and I have a little  
room to live in. She sings at her work  
all day long, because she says, God is  
good to us. We have bread and pota-  
toes every day, and on Sunday we  
have meat. Don't you think, miss,  
that is something to be thankful for?"  
she asked simply.

A deeper tint glowed upon Minnie's  
cheek. "Yes, yes, child," she an-  
swered, nervously; and then followed  
a pause, during which she stored away  
in her heart, like a hidden treasure, the  
lesson which Nellie had taught her,  
and which was to be re-perused often  
in after years, when discontent caused  
her to murmur at some little cloud, real  
or imaginary, that hung over her des-  
tiny. And she thought within herself,  
"It is your own sunny heart, poor  
child, that robs the world for her of  
its own love-lighted and rose-tinted  
atmosphere. You are happier far than  
I; may God forgive me!"

Minnie Hamilton, a beautiful girl of  
eighteen, was an only daughter, petted  
and idolized by her parents. Indul-  
gence had injured, though it had not  
spoiled her. So fully had every wish  
of her heart been gratified from her  
birth, that she regarded it as a kind of  
privilege peculiar to her condition, to  
murmur if the slightest shadow came  
between her and the fulfillment of her  
most extravagant desires. Poor Min-  
nie!—poor, though abounding in riches.  
"One thing thou lackest,"—one thing  
which wealth cannot purchase—the  
joy of a sunny and contented heart.

Yet Minnie had noble qualities: gen-  
erosity and active benevolence, with  
strong moral and religious principle.  
One shadow, the shadow of discontent,  
clouded them all.

Nellie had put her little purse into  
the pocket of her apron; and now, she  
issued into the street again and recom-  
menced her strawberry song, until she  
was summoned by another customer  
who purchased largely. As she was  
about adding the payment she received  
to her little store, she discovered a  
small rent in her purse, and sitting  
down, she emptied the money into her  
apron to examine it. As she did so,  
she discovered among the "fives" and  
tens a gold dollar, which had evidently  
been given her by mistake by the first  
purchaser.

"I will go right back with it,"  
thought Nellie.

She wanted, however, to re-arrange  
her baskets; and while doing so, a  
tempter came with evil thoughts, to  
test her strength of principle.

"Why go back with it?" said the  
wicked voice: "perhaps the lady meant  
to give it."

"But I do not know that," said the  
tender conscience of Nellie.

"Well, you can do good with it,"  
said the voice, appealing fully to her  
filial love: "you can purchase some-  
thing for your mother. She works  
hard enough for all she has, and this  
will buy her a neat dress to wear to  
church."

For a moment—only a moment—  
Nellie listened to the sinful suggestion,  
and she thought, "How pleasant it  
would be to carry a nice calico to  
dear mother, and how pretty she would  
look in it. Perhaps, too, she could  
earn enough to-day to buy a bonnet to  
match; and how happy that would  
make her!" But suddenly the smile  
died away on Nellie's lip: her steps  
grew less light. There was a weight  
at her heart. It was the burden of a  
guilty thought. She had parleyed with  
Evil, and its shadow was on her path.  
It had dimmed the happiness which  
innocence had hitherto bestowed.

And now, happily for little Nellie,  
conscience, "that voice of God in the  
soul," came powerfully to her aid. It  
recalled vividly the previous Sabbath  
evening, when her mother sat with her  
at the window, just as the sun was  
sinking, and after their scanty supper  
had been disposed of.

"Nellie, my darling," she said, as  
she laid her head upon her knee, and  
smoothing back her dark hair, "you  
could not go to the Sunday school to-  
day, because you had no shoes to wear.  
Perhaps we can earn a pair before an-  
other Sabbath; but I will teach you  
the commandments." Then Nellie re-  
peated them after her. All were vivid  
now to her memory; but especially,  
and as if written in letters of fire, stood  
forth the eighth—

"Thou shalt not steal."

Nellie's heart sank within her. Had  
she listened, and obeyed that evil voice,  
what might she have become—a breaker  
of God's Holy Commandment! The  
sin would have lain heavy upon her  
soul; dimming the sunlight and weigh-  
ing down her buoyant, happy spirit.  
And then her home would have been  
changed to her. She would have de-  
stroyed its peace, and her mother's  
cherished songs would have been hushed.  
Nellie waited not a moment; but ter-  
ried at her own thoughts, she rushed  
back with speed of light, lest that evil  
voice should speak again, and rested  
not until she reached the home of Min-  
nie Hamilton.

"You made a mistake, Miss. You  
gave me this"—holding up the gold  
dollar—"for a silver piece."

"Did I? Well, it was a mistake. I  
am very near sighted; but you are an  
honest little girl, and you shall have it  
as a reward."

"No, Miss, thank you; I would  
rather have the silver piece."

"Yes, Miss."

"You are a singular child. Pray  
tell me why you would rather."

"Because—because—it would re-

mind me"—Nellie burst into tears, and  
covered her face with her hands.

"Of what? Tell me, child."

"How I was tempted to break God's  
command."

"And to keep the dollar, do you  
mean?"

"Yes, Miss."

"But you resisted the temptation as  
God gave you strength. That was  
beautiful in you. Now tell me your  
name I must remember it."

"Nellie Townsend."

"There is no sin, Nellie, in being  
tempted. The sin consists in yielding  
to temptation. Now that you have  
resisted, you will find yourself strength-  
ened in might to overcome evil.  
Henceforth I shall not fear for you.  
Only resist the first promptings to do  
wrong—resist them and all will be well.  
Nellie, you were not aware of it, but  
to-day had not been the lesson of con-  
tinent which I shall not easily for-  
get; and you shall have the happiness  
knowing that you, though a little child,  
have been a minister of good to me.  
And you must let me reward you. You  
must keep that identical dollar to re-  
mind you of what has occurred to-day,  
and you have no reason to be ashamed  
of it. Now tell me what was the tem-  
ptation? What did you most desire to  
do with it?"

Nellie hesitated, and then said:  
"Last Sunday, mother had no neat  
dress to go to church. That would  
just buy a calico. I only thought of it  
for a moment."

Minnie Hamilton turned aside with-  
out speaking. When she looked again,  
there was a moisture on the eyelids  
of the child, and she saw tremblings of  
the muscles and limbs, not greatly un-  
like those of *delirium tremens*. These  
are very common in diseases of debility,  
where the nervous system is largely in-  
volved, but generally do not require  
specific attention. Even during the  
progress of recovery; there is some-  
times considerable mental aberration.

The premonitions of an attack are  
readily recognized. There is a feeling  
of pressure upon the head, the blood  
tingles in the vessels, the air seems too  
hot and tenuous for breathing. A per-  
son who was once thus affected, tells us  
that he was cured by immediately bath-  
ing the head, arms and shoulders in  
water. While undergoing this process,  
he experienced a sensation as if burning  
coals were spread over the scalp, but in  
less than an hour every oppressive  
symptom had passed away. A brother  
of the same gentleman, similarly attack-  
ed, was not so cautious. He fell to the  
ground insensible, while at labor in the  
harvest-field, and after lingering two or  
three days, much of the time comatose,  
and with what a physician mistakenly  
termed and treated as typhoid fever,  
was suffered to die.

The remedies "laid down in the  
books" are alcoholic and ammoniacal  
stimulants; these being "diffusive," and  
causing an equable circulation of blood  
throughout the body, and particularly  
the surface. The patient is advised to  
swallow the medicine, but if he is "out  
of his head," it can be given by enema.  
Washing the head with cold water, and  
rubbing liniments upon the surface with  
the hands, keeping up the friction as  
long as may be necessary, will gener-  
ally answer the purpose. When much  
dullness, or stupor remains, coffee and  
strong tea are efficacious.

The means of prevention are simple.  
Persons in sound health are seldom at-  
tacked; previous debility, general de-  
pression of the vital forces, unusual and  
excessive physical exertion, violent  
griefs of passion, excessive drinking of  
cold water, or of alcoholic beverages,  
superadded to exposure to the summer  
sun or a hot fire, create the danger.

Careful moderation in these particu-  
lars will generally secure exemption.  
The Arab, wandering in an arid desert,  
subsisting on camel's milk and a few  
vegetables, usually enjoys impunity; his  
blood is not vitiated by stimulating  
food or unwholesome drinking. Sir  
Joseph Banks spent twenty minutes in  
an oven where beef was cooking, with-  
out harm. Fishermen, for the sake of  
protection, sometimes fill their hats  
with moist sea-weed; though any large  
leaves, or even a wet cloth upon the  
head, will answer as well. This is an  
infallible preventative, and should be  
more generally observed by laboring  
men.

A MONSTER MORTAR—A monster  
mortar has been tried at Woolwich,  
England, successfully, with 70 pounds  
of powder, though its full charge is  
300 pounds. The shell is one yard in  
diameter, and uncharged, as it was in  
the experiment, it tore up stones, and  
piled the earth as high as a small house,  
and filled the air within a radius of 200  
yards, with earth and stones, and roots  
of trees. The monster is compounded  
of wrought and cast iron, in separate  
pieces, tightly hooped together. At the  
fifth round the middle hoop partial-  
ly gave way, and thus interrupted the  
practice; but it was successfully shown  
that it could throw a shell weighing a  
ton and a half.

It is a dangerous thing to treat  
with a temptation, which ought at first  
to be rejected with disdain and abhor-  
rence.

All is well that ends well.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

A Word to the Wise.

Love hailed a little maid,  
Romping through the meadow;  
Feetless in the sun she played,  
Scornful of the shadow.

"Come with me," whispered he;  
"Listen sweet, to love and reason."  
"By and by," she mocked reply;  
"Love's not in season."

Years went, years came:  
Light mixed with shadow;  
Love met the maid again,  
Dreaming through the meadow.

"Not so coy," urged the boy;  
"List in time to love and reason."  
"By and by," she mused reply;  
"Love's still in season."

Years went, years came:  
Light changed to shadow.  
Love saw the maid again,  
Waiting in the meadow.

"Pass no more; my dream is o'er;  
I can listen now to reason."  
"Keep thee coy," mocked the boy;  
"Love's out of season."

Sun Stroke—Symptoms and Remedy.

The New York Post says the present  
season brings its usual harvest of hot  
weather and suffering from sun-stroke.  
It gives symptoms and remedies as  
follows:

The symptoms of sun-stroke gener-  
ally indicate a constitution previously  
impaired. Sometimes there is active  
congestion and apoplectic effusion with-  
in the cranium, and in such cases death  
generally ensues. But more often the  
signs are those of physical, and particu-  
larly, cerebral prostration; the pulse is  
feeble, the cheeks, and in fact the  
whole surface of the body, are pale and  
ghastly. The blood is defective in  
quality, thus impeding the vital pro-  
cesses. The heart is evidently the or-  
gan at fault, having suddenly succumb-  
ed under fatigue and exhaustion, though  
the head gives the first indication of  
danger.

Convulsions sometimes occur, and in  
the intervals the sufferer has tremblings  
of the muscles and limbs, not greatly un-  
like those of *delirium tremens*. These  
are very common in diseases of debility,  
where the nervous system is largely in-  
volved, but generally do not require  
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coals were spread over the scalp, but in  
less than an hour every oppressive  
symptom had passed away. A brother  
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harvest-field, and after lingering two or  
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piled the earth as high as a small house,  
and filled the air within a radius of 200  
yards, with earth and stones, and roots  
of trees. The monster is compounded  
of wrought and cast iron, in separate  
pieces, tightly hooped together. At the  
fifth round the middle hoop partial-  
ly gave way, and thus interrupted the  
practice; but it was successfully shown  
that it could throw a shell weighing a  
ton and a half.

It is a dangerous thing to treat  
with a temptation, which ought at first  
to be rejected with disdain and abhor-  
rence.

All is well that ends well.

Michigan Bonds and State Interest—

Another Loco-foco Hobby Gone.

The Loco-foco press of this State  
from sheer malice, have been telling the  
people for some months past, that the  
recent loan procured by the State  
Treasurer, to take up bonds issued  
some years ago by the Loco-foco party,  
was taken by the Macomb Co. Bank,  
and paid in its notes, which were in the  
State Treasury, and consequently a loss  
to the State, amounting to \$210,000.

Of course they knew these were down-  
right malicious falsehoods, as they  
knew the loan was not due until the  
30th ult., and then to be paid in New  
York. Well, perhaps they have served  
their purpose—at least they gratified  
their malignity—but the sequel exposes  
their dishonesty, because on Wednes-  
day last, Messrs. Hazleton & Co., ac-  
cording to the terms and conditions of  
the advertisement for the loan, depos-  
ited the amount in the Bank of North  
America in the city of New York, and  
our worthy State Treasurer, being in  
New York, we find the following ad-  
vertisement in the *Times* of July 1:

MICHIGAN STATE BONDS.—The Bonds of the  
State of Michigan, maturing and payable on the  
first Monday of July, 1858, known as the Uni-  
versity State Bonds, and Detroit and Pontiac Rail-  
road State Bonds, will be paid by the undersigned on  
Saturday, the 3d instant, at the Bank of North  
America.

Treasurer of the State of Michigan.

Thus ends all the gasconade of the  
malicious Loco-foco editors in the State,  
on this subject. The bonds were paid  
two days before they were due. We  
would suggest that the bonds be bro't  
home and placed on exhibition at the  
*Free Press* office, or some other head-  
quarters of Loco-focoism, as the fossil  
remains of Loco-foco disinterestedness,  
as \$97,000 were issued to Sherman,<